

A Grave in Samoa



I do not even know if I desire to live *there* (Scotland) ; but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out, " Oh, why left I my hame ? " and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though I think I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods.

I will say it fairly, it grows on me every year : there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street lamps. When I forget thee, Auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning !

—R. L. STEVENSON.





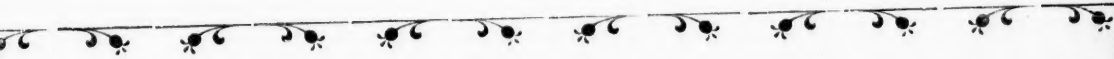
The wild birds strangely call,
And silent dawns, and purple eves are *here*,
Where Southern stars upon *his* grave look down,
Calm-eyed and wondrous clear !

No strife his resting mars !
And yet we deem far off from tropic steeps,
His spirit cleaves the pathway of the storm,
Where dark Tantallon keeps.

For still in plaintive woe,
By haunting mem'ry of *his* yearning led,
The wave-worn Mother of the misty strand
Mourns for her absent dead :

*“ Ah ! bear him gently home,
To where Dunedin's streets are quaint and gray,
And ruddy lights across the steaming rains,
Shine soft at close of day ! ”*

JOHN MACFARLANE (John Arbory.)



MACFARLANE, JOHN
Miscellaneous poems

1857

Canadian
pamphlets



Montreal, 1897.

